

from the space station near the earth will not proceed to its destination as the crow flies, on a course line thirty-five million miles long if the planet is then at its nearest. The mileage will be 735 million miles, and the duration of the trip, one way, will be a little more than eight months. The final chapter of the book is a log of a trip to Mars and, happily, of the return trip to the earth.

THE FACE OF THE MOON affords unlimited opportunity to zealous explorers. Everyone who has viewed the moon with a telescope can understand the fascination it must have for those who persistently study its varied scenery. In a new book, "**The Moon**" (Macmillan, \$12), H. P. Wilkins and Patrick Moore, respectively director and secretary of the lunar section of the British Astronomical Association, a large and active group of amateurs, provide a 300-inch map of the moon, said to be the largest and most detailed yet compiled, and an authoritative and very readable account of the chief features of the moon's surface—its "seas," mountain ranges, walled plains, ringed plains, craters, craterlets, ridges, rills, and rays. The authors regard these as of igneous origin and are inclined to discredit an alternate idea that the formations may have been promoted mainly by impacts of meteorites. They go along with the traditional view of lunar observers that some changes are still occurring in the moonscape. Although the moon is considered a dead world where practically nothing happens they seem to have detected some smoothing of certain minor features. —R. H. B.

A BILLION YEARS OF PLANT LIFE: Despite its title Richard Carrington's book "**The Story of Our Earth**" (Harper, \$3) is not a story of our earth, nor does it live up to its English title of "A Guide to Earth History." It is a short account of plant and animal life since roughly 1,000,000,000 B.C., prefaced by twenty-nine pages dealing with the origin, structure, and probable evolution of our planet. This introduction is supplemented by brief summaries of paleogeography scattered through the rest of the book.

That rest—198 pages and most of the bibliography—is devoted to ancient organisms, from the simplest algae to man. Here Mr. Carrington follows the time-honored chronologic method and adheres to well-established facts. The result is an orderly and reliable story that contains a great deal of worthwhile information uncluttered by speculation and unmarred by sensationalism. Unfortunately,

chronologic treatment also avoids principles and relationships which would have helped readers to understand fossils as once-living things. There also is little about collecting, though Mr. Carrington does pay appropriate honor to Mary Anning, who hunted fossils in southwestern England almost 150 years ago. Mary sold her finds to buy clothing and food, a procedure now frowned upon by academic paleontologists. Still, the twelve-year-old girl discovered the first ichthyosaur, or "fish lizard," and later found a well-preserved pterosaur. It enabled the learned Sir Richard Owen to add much to the sketchy original description published by Baron Cuvier.

Since man is incurably self-centered, most readers will give special attention to four chapters that place *Homo* among other mammals and report his development. They are modern and reliable, and—like the rest of the book—avoid sensationalism.

It is unfortunate that Carrington's illustrations do not measure up to his text. Most British books about fossils contain inferior restorations, but these are far below the depressing average. A few line-cuts are acceptable but most of the text figures and plates are crudely inaccurate. At their best they suggest the straw-stuffed skins that once filled the windows of village taxidermists; at their worst they cannot be described. Granting that they had been published in England, why did an American publisher foist them on a public that knows the work of Christman, Horsfall, and Charles R. Knight?

—CARROLL LANE FENTON.

NATURAL SCIENCE, A QUICK LOOK: André Senet's "**Man in Search of His Ancestors**" (translated by Malcolm Barner.

McGraw-Hill, \$5.50) is almost a pocket encyclopedia of natural science: 133 pages of prehistoric archeology and human paleontology, seventy-two pages of vertebrate paleontology, forty-eight pages of invertebrate paleontology, seven pages of philosophical epilogue. About half the text is taken up with the biographies of great scientists, including Buffon, Cuvier, Darwin, Owen, Lamarck, Boucher de Perthes, Eugene Dubois, and the Abbé Breuil. Great finds in paleontology and archeology are introduced by the narrative technique, and descriptions and interpretations are painlessly injected into the narrative stream, after the profitable fashion of C. W. Ceram in "Gods, Graves, and Scholars." Nowhere does M. Senet employ jargon. The book is very readable and should be useful to college students boning up for their paleontological examinations, while many other general readers will enjoy it.

For archeological students contemplating this facile short cut a word of caution is necessary. M. Senet seems less at home here than in paleontology and makes a number of unfortunate slips. Some of the trouble seems due to the translation from the French and some of it is inherited from the late and very great French paleontologist Père Teilhard de Chardin, S. J., some of whose philosophy he quotes to unfortunate effect. Despite its nobility and imaginative quality Teilhard's final philosophy is not what most of us who knew and loved him will remember him for. Had M. Senet limited his field to the narration of great discoveries and to the biographies of great scientists, including Teilhard's, his book would have been well worth the price. His eyes were a little too big for his stomach. —CARLETON S. COON.

By Auto & Camera in Navajo Country

By Edwin Honig

THE cliffs parade,
and all sphinx-headed hills so strange
to swiftness
fade by us if we pass,
eyes clicking, lashing them
to mind—the bundled time-box
huddled back of auto glass.

But if, at last,
wind humming, sun stills us to
a pass
till we stop dead—then crash!
and we are hurled, split minutes,
back at cliffs that glare
and glimmer, blind as any past.

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The Maidens Come Home

EDITOR'S NOTE: Last week Mayor Tadao Watanabe, of Hiroshima, sent a letter to SR describing the arrival of the Maidens. We are eager to share it with our readers.

DEAR SIR:

As I cabled you late yesterday afternoon, the nine young ladies led by Dr. Takahashi, who carried the ashes of Tomoko, arrived safely at Iwakuni at 3 p.m. JST, and by 6:30 p.m. they were back at their respective homes, quite exhausted, I am afraid, with the tremendous impact of the welcoming crowd and particularly the press, but also, I am sure, completely relaxed among their family members and near of kin.

June 17, Sunday, dawned with heavy rain. Contact with Iwakuni Airport at 11 a.m. confirmed the scheduled arrival of the Maidens at 3 p.m. Four large buses were already parked beside the City Hall waiting for the parents, who started assembling around 11:30 a.m. To avoid possible confusion at the airport, the parents were requested to observe certain instructions given by Mr. Yoshida, Chief of Social Welfare Section. Father Lasalle, of the Catholic Peace Memorial Church, Dr. Harada, Dr. Ouchi, and Rev. Tanimoto joined the party, followed by Dr. Matsuzaka, Vice Chairman of the A-Bomb Patients Treatment Council of Hiroshima, and also by Mr. Hamai, former mayor. At 12:45 p.m. the official reception party of about 150 left the City Hall for Iwakuni on eight cars and buses.

Fortunately, the rain had stopped by the time the reception party ar-

rived at Iwakuni a few minutes past 2 p.m. The Navy Air Force authorities had advised us to be there earlier than the scheduled time because, they said, the Air Force's C-54 was a very fast plane. At 2:15 the party parked before the civilian air transport office where the plane was to land and where we found many people, including a host of reporters and cameramen, already waiting for the arrival of the Maidens. The Commander-in-Chief of the Navy Air Force Station of Iwakuni, Capt. W. E. Premo, who was kind enough to give us every cooperation in using the Base, came out to meet us.

The huge four-engined C-54 finally rode in slowly at 3:03, to be exact, and at 3:10 the Maidens led by Dr. Takahashi, who carried the ashes of Tomoko, started to step down from the plane. There was such a rush of the reporters and cameramen that it took some time before we could line up as planned to perform the brief receiving ceremonies. First of all, Dr. Takahashi, apparently under heavy mental strain, announced with the typical laconic Japanese expression: "We have now returned." Atsuko Yamamoto spoke next, on behalf of the returning Maidens, thanking the reception party and others who had come to meet them. I, as Mayor and Chairman of A-Bomb Patients Treatment Council of Hiroshima, made a short address, which was repeated in English. Dr. Takahashi then proceeded to deliver the ashes of Tomoko to me, and I in turn placed them in the hands of Mr. Takeshi Nakabayashi. Then Father Lasalle offered a solemn prayer for five minutes. The

parents had to wait for some time before they could embrace their daughters.

It was at 4 p.m. that the whole group left Iwakuni for Hiroshima. I took special care to see that during the press conference the Nakabayashis [parents of Tomoko Nakabayashi, who died in New York] could have a room of their own, and on our way to and from Iwakuni we gave them a separate car. Along the streets of Iwakuni I noted people who had heard about the Maidens waiting for our cars to pass.

Our group arrived at Hiroshima at 5:15 p.m. and we proceeded straight to the Memorial Cenotaph, where again we found a big crowd waiting, among which I saw our City Council Chairman, Mr. Shibata. Here again we were attacked by the on-rush of the unrelenting reporters and cameramen and it was with some difficulty that Atsuko Yamamoto [one of the returning maidens] could step forward to place a wreath before the Cenotaph. After we offered a silent prayer I bid them farewell, wishing the Maidens a very pleasant evening with their families after a year's separation, and I sent Mr. Mukai, our Social Welfare Department Chief, to accompany the Nakabayashis to their home.

It was my impression that the girls looked far better in every way than they did a year ago. As they stepped down from the plane I immediately noticed that they no longer felt embarrassed to meet the people. The consensus of the parents was that their daughters came back even better than they had expected.

It was hard to see Mr. Nakabayashi silently carrying home the ashes of his late daughter contained in a small wooden box wrapped in white. Knowing the family since Tomoko's death, I have found that they are a quiet, modest, and very intelligent family full of understanding. Mr. Nakabayashi told us that it had been against his feeling to go to Iwakuni with the rest of the families because he did not want to cast gloom on the other returning Maidens and their families, but that as father to Tomoko he felt that he should join us to personally receive the ashes. Fortunately, everybody acted prudently and there was no awkward situation in the whole affair.

Let me again assure you that nothing can ever bring collapse to this project, and nothing can deprive of it the vast spiritual importance that no one with an honest heart could ever fail to see.

Yours very truly,
TADAO WATANABE,
Mayor, Hiroshima.